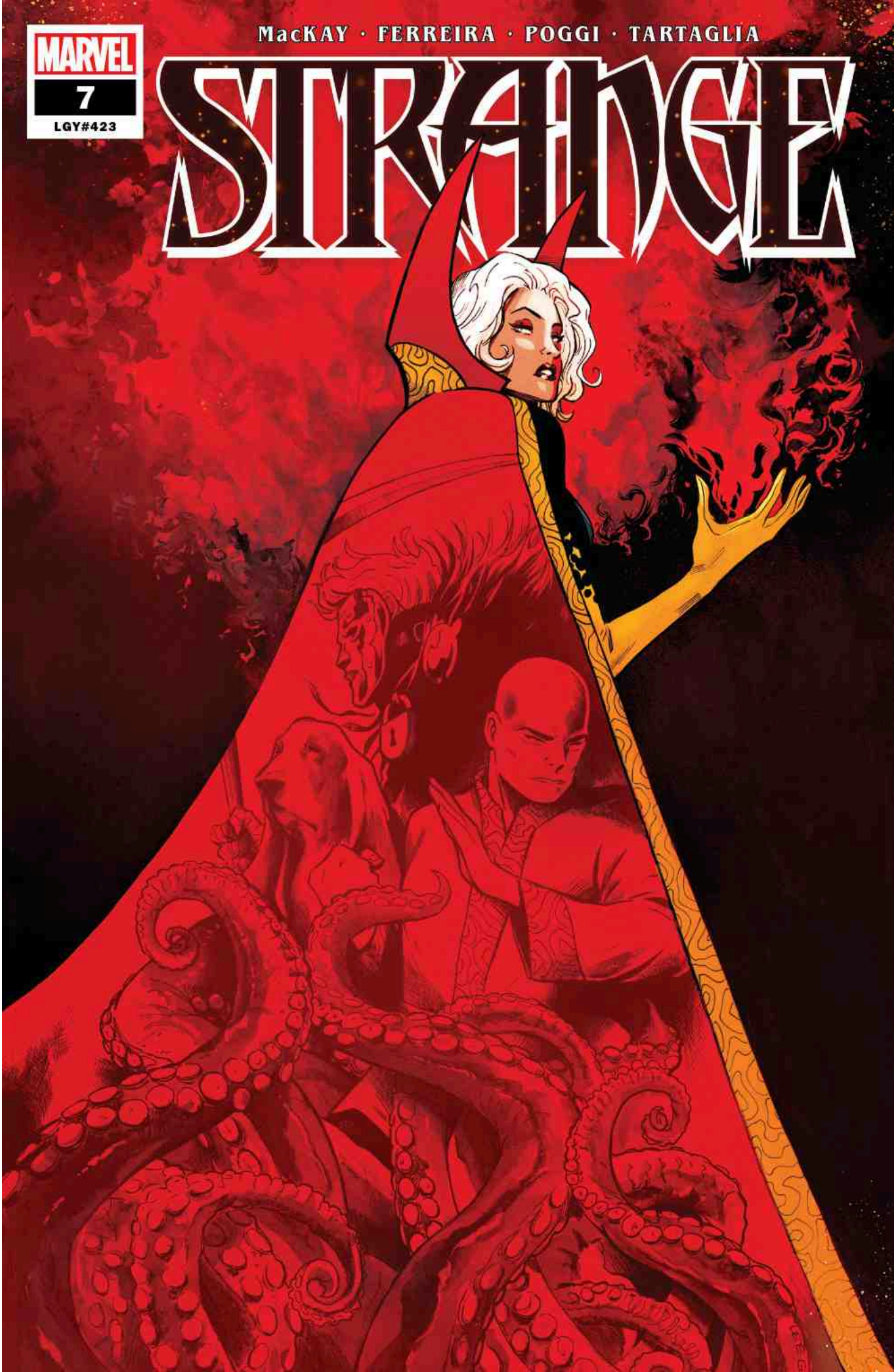
MARVEL
7
LGY#423
MacKAY · FERREIRA · POGGI · TARTAGLIA
STRANGE

MARVEL REMEMBERS

TOM PALMER
1941–2022

WELL, I'VE ADDED A FEW EXTRAS TO MY CYBERNETIC HELMET SINCE THE GOOD OLD DAYS...
SNIK
...INCLUDING AN OXYGEN UNIT, AND A PLEXIGLASS AIR-MASK.
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
SNIK

"Yet another comic legend has left us. Aside from being an incredible inker and painter, Tom was a true gentleman. He was like Obi-Wan to so many young editors and artists, freely sharing his experiences and wisdom with us all. Rest in peace, Tom."

—C.B. CEBULSKI

STRANGE

PREVIOUSLY...

Doctor Stephen Strange was dead! And his wife, Clea Strange, took up the mantle of Earth's Sorcerer Supreme in his stead!

She has had to contend with two new threats: the Blasphemy Cartel–a gang of ruthless mystics consolidating control over New York's magical underworld by resurrecting dead super humans, also called Revenants... and the Harvestman, Death's Sorcerer Supreme, who has been hunting these Revenants.

Now Clea races to confirm her suspicions...that the Harvestman is actually her husband, Stephen Strange!

"The Sorcerer Supreme and the Harvestman"

Jed MacKay — WRITER

Marcelo Ferreira — PENCILER

Roberto Poggi — INKER

Java Tartaglia — COLORIST

VC's Cory Petit — LETTERING

Lee Garbett — COVER

Alan Davis & David Curiel; Luciano Vecchio — VARIANT COVERS

Kat Gregorowicz — ASSISTANT EDITOR

Darren Shan — EDITOR

C.B. Cebulski — EDITOR IN CHIEF

DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

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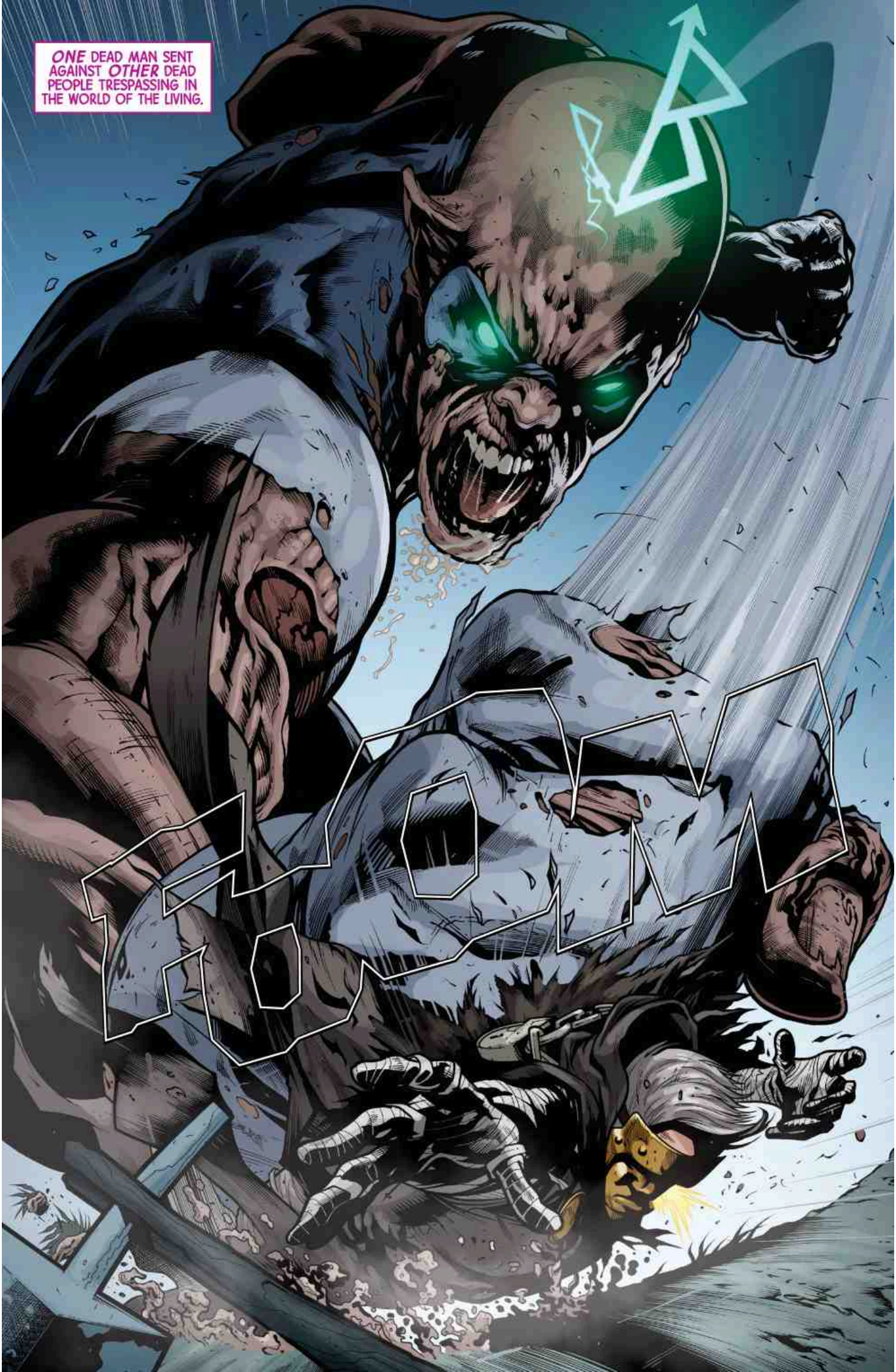
I FLY LIKE AN ARROW SHOT FROM A GOD'S BOW.
NOT ON AN ERRAND FOR MY STATION AS SORCERER SUPREME. NOT AS A HERO OF EARTH. NOT TO DEFEND OR TO AVENGE.
I AM DRIVEN INSTEAD BY NEED... BY WANT.
I FLY TO MY HEART.
I FLY TO STEPHEN STRANGE.

I HAD THOUGHT HIM SENTENCED TO AN ETERNITY IN THE LANDS BEYOND--*THE UNDERWORLDS*-- A PRISONER OF DEATH.
WHEN, IN TRUTH, HE WAS RIGHT IN *FRONT* OF ME, TIME AND AGAIN.
PRISONER OF DEATH, NO.
SLAVE.
HIDING A FACE SO LOVED BEHIND A GOLDEN DEATH MASK.
HIDING A NAME WRITTEN UPON MY HEART BEHIND THE TITLE OF DEATH'S SORCERER SUPREME--
--THE HARVESTMAN.


ONE DEAD MAN SENT AGAINST OTHER DEAD PEOPLE TRESPASSING IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.
ROAM

HE HAS POWER...
...BUT EVERY REVENANT IS MORE POWERFUL, WITH A GREATER NUMBER OF GHOSTS BOUND TOGETHER THAN THE LAST.
HE IS BUT ONE MAN.
THE HARVESTMAN STANDS ALONE...

...BUT NO LONGER.
WHY?
WHY WHAT, SORCERER SUPREME?

WHY ALL THIS?
WHY-- WHY THE THEATER?
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHO YOU REALLY WERE, STEPHEN?
I--
--BECAUSE--
--BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW IF I WOULD SUCCEED, CLEA. I DIDN'T KNOW IF I COULD.
YOU SAW ME DEAD THREE TIMES WITHIN DAYS, MY LOVE.
I COULDN'T BEAR TO HAVE YOU GRIEVE FOR ME AGAIN IF I FAILED.

STEPHEN!
CLEA, I--
STEPHEN, DAMN IT--
CITADEL OF CYRION!

GO--
--LI--
--ATH!

THE REVENANT.
YES. THE REVENANT.
AND JUST LIKE THAT--
--IT'S AS IF HE NEVER DIED.
AS IF WE WERE NEVER APART.

FROM THE START, WE'VE ALWAYS WORKED WELL TOGETHER.
ON THE BATTLEFIELD...
...AND ELSEWHERE.
WE MOVE TOGETHER, WITHOUT SPEAKING.

HE CREATES AN OPENING FOR ME...
...AND I ATTACK, EXPLOITING THE WEAKNESS THAT HE CREATES.
WE ARE TWO HANDS OF THE SAME BEING.
HIS DEAD HEART BEATS IN TIME WITH MINE, WARMED BY MY LIFE.
THAT HE IS DEAD IS NO MATTER.
I WILL PROVIDE LIFE ENOUGH FOR THE TWO OF US, IF NEEDED.

NO MATTER *HOW MANY* REVENANTS WE MAY HAVE TO FIGHT. HOW MANY GANGSTERS NEED *CORRECTION.*
BECAUSE FROM NOW ON, WHEN WE FIGHT...
RIP
RIP
...WE WILL DO SO *TOGETHER.*
I HAD THOUGHT MY LOVE THE PRISONER OF DEATH.

AND THEN A *SLAVE.*
BUT PRISONER OR SLAVE...
...IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

FOR I WILL FREE HIM.
WHATEVER IT MAY TAKE.

IT IS DONE.
DAMN IT, STEPHEN--
--DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH I'VE MISSED YOU?
CLEA, NO--
WHAT--?
WE CANNOT TOUCH, MY LOVE.
THINK ABOUT IT.
YOU ARE THE SORCERER SUPREME. YOU ARE LIFE, BECAUSE MAGIC IS LIFE.
I AM THE HARVESTMAN. AND I BELONG TO DEATH AND AM SUFFUSED WITH HER COLD POWER.
OUR MAGICS ARE IN OPPOSITION.
WE ARE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE. MATTER AND ANTIMATTER.
YOUR TOUCH IS THE BEATING HEART OF THE WORLD, AND I'VE NEVER WISHED FOR ANYTHING MORE THAN IT.
BUT MINE IS THE CHILL OF GRAVEYARD MIST.
TO BRING THOSE TWO POWERFUL MAGICS INTO CONTACT WITH ONE ANOTHER COULD BE... DISASTROUS.

AND *THIS* IS WHY YOU DID NOT REVEAL YOURSELF TO ME?
YES, THOUGH IT BROKE MY HEART TO DO SO.
AND AS I SAID BEFORE-- I COULD *NOT* BRING YOU ANY *MORE* PAIN IF I FAILED IN MY MISSION.
AS *MY* MISSION IS THE RETURN OF MY HUSBAND, THEN I AM *WITH YOU.*
TELL ME OF *OUR* MISSION, MY LOVE.
THE REVENANTS.
DEATH IS BEING *DISRESPECTED,* AND SHE WILL HAVE NO MORE OF IT. SHE MADE ME AN OFFER--TO RE-CREATE ME AS HER AGENT IN ORDER TO *END* THE REVENANT MENACE.
IF I SUCCEED IN ENDING THIS AFFRONT TO HER POWER...
...THEN I WILL HAVE EARNED MY *RETURN.*
TO LIFE. TO *YOU.*

NO!
NO, IT CANNOT BE!
...CLEA?
MY MOTHER TOLD ME THAT I HAD TERRIBLE TASTE IN MEN JUST THE OTHER NIGHT AND YOU...*YOU* PROVE HER, *UMAR THE UNRELENTING,* RIGHT?!
I DON'T--
YOU.
YOU STUBBORN, FOOLISH, *PROUD--*
YOU WOULD RATHER DO *ALL THIS* ON YOUR *OWN* THAN ASK *ME* FOR HELP? ASK *WONG* FOR HELP?
ALL OUT OF CONCERN FOR MY *FEELINGS?*
I HAVE KNOWN HURT, STEPHEN STRANGE.
SOME OF IT FROM YOUR OWN ACTIONS.
BUT I AM THE SORCERER SUPREME OF EARTH AND THE DARK DIMENSION.
AND I DO NOT NEED YOUR PROTECTION.
I ONLY NEED *YOU.*

ENOUGH OF THIS. IT IS TIME YOU CAME HOME, MY LOVE.
CALL IT A "DIPLOMATIC MISSION" TO YOUR COLD MISTRESS IF YOU MUST.
YOU AND WONG AND I... WE WILL SCHEME, AND WE WILL PLAN.
AND WE WILL DRINK SOME WINE, AND YOU WILL PET POOR BATS, WHO HAS BEEN INCONSOLABLE.
AND WE WILL ELIMINATE THESE REVENANTS TOGETHER, AND I WILL HAVE YOU BACK.
BECAUSE THE SORCERER SUPREME AND WARLORD OF MANHATTAN DOES NOT LET ANYONE, EVEN DEATH, TELL HER WHOM SHE MAY AND MAY NOT TOUCH.

BLASPHEMY CARTEL HEADQUARTERS 001, CODENAME "EMERALD CITY."
--SCHEDULE IS MOVING FASTER THAN ANTICIPATED, DIRECTOR NONE.
A&A PREDICTED WITH AN 87% DEGREE OF CERTAINTY THAT OUR LAZARUS PROJECT WOULD OVERWHELM THE HARVESTMAN BEFORE HE CAUGHT ON TO US...
...BUT FOR WHATEVER REASON, ANALYTICS AND AUGURY DID NOT, OR COULD NOT, ACCOUNT FOR CLEA STRANGE.
STEPHEN STRANGE, EVEN IN DEATH, WE COULD ACCOUNT FOR. THE W.A.N.D. FILES ON THE EX-SORCERER SUPREME AREN'T MEASURED IN PAGES, BUT IN TONNAGE.
BUT CLEA STRANGE...
...IS A WILD CARD.
AND THERE'S NOTHING MORE DANGEROUS THAN A WILD CARD WHEN YOU'RE PLAYING WITH A TAROT DECK.
FORGET HER.
DIRECTOR?
ABCDEFGHI NOPQRST 12345
WHEN WE WENT ROGUE, WE ERASED OURSELVES FROM THE PLANET'S BRAINS WITH ONE OF W.A.N.D.'S OCCULT TACTICAL MEMORY WEAPONS.
BUT I TOOK IT ONE STEP FURTHER. I ERASED EVERY ASPECT OF MY IDENTITY FROM THE FABRIC OF REALITY-- SACRIFICED IT ALL ON THE ALTAR OF INFOSEC.
DO YOU KNOW WHY I DID THAT, NOBODY 84?

BECAUSE MAGIC HAS A PRICE. SO DOES SPYCRAFT.
THE FIRST TIME I SPOKE TO THE MANAGEMENT, THE THINGS THEY SHOWED ME-- IF I'D HAD A SENSE OF IDENTITY, IT WOULD HAVE DESTROYED ME.
LAZARUS PROJECT: REVENANT PRIME
NO ENTRY
EXTREME OCCULT HAZARD
I HAD TO PAY A PRICE FOR THEIR PATRONAGE. FOR THEM TO SHOW ME THE WAY.
I NEEDED TO BECOME WHAT I HAD TO FOR THE GREAT WORK.
TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

Who Are the Blasphemy Cartel?

Variant by Greg Land

The secrets of the Cartel are revealed, and they come from the unlikeliest of sources! Will this be the help Clea needs to bring peace to her magical realm or will this be too much for the Sorcerer Supreme to handle?

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

ZONE